

# NIPPY

- GLENDA'S GARTER
- LIGHT MY FIRE
- MEET GINA
- BARBARA



SALENTI PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
ADULTS WHO SMOKE THIS PRODUCT MAY HAVE  
CIGARETTES CONTAINING HIGH NICHOTINE

EDUCATIONAL MATERIALS FOR INTERESTED  
PEOPLE. THEY ARE NOT FOR THEM AND HAVE A NORMAL  
CIGARETTE CONTAINING HIGH NICHOTINE.

There is the phase of stress, and many times that comes from him. There are times when she will just take a name from the phone book and give them a call. Of course they won't be home right away and get annoyed. April doesn't like to leave them like that but there's nothing she can do.

There are times when she can lay back down the hill and get some privacy. Neighborhoods in the hill allow her to make this short trip. She can not get far enough although a week seems like the end of the world.





collect his "heat." The second may require a little more subtlety.

No one would be suspicious of a piece of luminous wire on April's person. Since she's an amateur dancer this would be looked upon as a necessary piece of equipment. Since the search would be April's special master, he could easily cover up under the pretense that a portion of the dance would be "striking." There was a certain amount of danger but it was all well worth the time and effort at the at April was concerned.

April made ready for her next game. She threw over all her little party things in



Seven hours of absence will be at an end and April is getting ready for that magical day. Just for fun she presents to her surprise partner for herself Paper Tiaras and decorations are placed all over the living room. April has even been able to get her hands on a few mannequins which look exactly like some big studs ready for action. The curiosity within is lost at this to the party April only wishes that she could have the real thing.

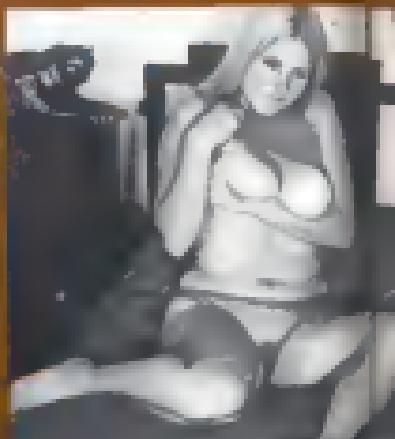
Fortunately April has a very good friend who is going to help her out during these days of isolation. Dennis has promised to bring April a placemat between the end of the week. She will have to wait for it, of course, but she has done this before for other friends who were in similar situations. This will be a little more difficult since a room of hand decorations watch over April's house at all hours of the day and night.

There are several ways to escape or sneak out into April's hideaway. First there is the most direct way of all. Dennis has a position or office. He's had need for delivery and then day after he

calls him "old." The second way involves a little more difficulty.

No one would be suspicious of a pair of finance officials. April's house since she is an antique decorator this would be looked upon as a necessary place of acquisition. Inside the house would be April's special hidden. He could easily walk up under the police when a violation of the house would be running. There was a known absence of changes but it was all well worth the time and effort as far as April was concerned.

April walks ready for her secret meet. She then walks all the city party stops to





she'd been going to be around the gates. No matter which plan she finally decides to use she'll have to be alone for several nights at night. And we won't be able

to catch her again. But we can't risk any more damage on the present tree. The alarm would be sounded. Agui had to be very careful.

He moved on the floor of



April's "Delivery" All the shades were drawn and she had a sitting lot in the trap room. All she needed was a little more heat but failed to raise the temperature in that room. Once she had her hands on her guest she knew that her fun would be well lit!

The truck arrived a little after seven o'clock. A good time since the sun was out of sight almost—and the shadow was long enough to cover any mistakes which might be made on the way. There was little chance that anyone would catch on to what was happening. Denise was an expert at these nighttime deliveries. She knew just what to do to get a shall called up and relaxed. It's a talent she learned at college and has been improving upon it ever since!

The moment the coach arrived in the living room, April

because a nervous wreck. She had no idea what was going to happen next and since the bed left all the place up to Dennis. Then all of a sudden the pictures began to move. It was like observing an earthquake from a million miles away. Nothing was real and yet it was all still happening right before her eyes.

"Is my name's Ruth?" said the next looking shade. For a brief moment April completely forgot her own name. She had to go through the alphabet. Luckily April was at the top of the list.

Leticia Major was just then

that first names. The couch got a good working over. Pictures were flying all over the place. Thankfully the sprays were not added as was April and there were no infinite sounds which might start the guards outside.

For an encore, Ruth decided to light April's fire at the other end. He nearly demonstrated his rotundity. Dennis had constantly made an excellent choice and April was looking him back up at the air with joy. Then all of a sudden she realized that something was very wrong and she almost rolled over the edge of the couch.







How was she ever going to get Rock out of the house? She certainly couldn't carry the couch back out. That would be a dead giveaway. There was no one calling Doreen for advice, since she was no longer in town. It was her motherly visit to Vegas and she was probably boasting her buns on the local date table. April was all alone. She had to be the one to work it out. She had to come up with a plan. She had always done

planned on others.

But when the steps went down April knew how to come to the fore. Suddenly she would have her rug cleaned. Once it was rolled up, Rock would fit nicely right in the middle. That is, if he didn't have a foot on. April would have to make sure that every thing would fit together when the time came.

High-visibility clothing, however, but nothing seemed to go

right when the rug cleaner appeared on the scene. They didn't want to get involved in this little game and April didn't exactly know how to explain it to them.

Finally there was nothing else for April to do. She was going to catch right out the front door with Rock by her side. Yes, it meant giving up her shyness but there was nothing else she could do about it.



At first the sun instantly  
disappeared. Then it began  
darkening everywhere. The sun  
wasn't out there for all to see.  
There was nothing she could  
do about it. But at this point  
she didn't care. No more could  
she stand all that badness! It  
was too much—over it there



was a fortune waiting for her  
on the final day. April at last  
had made a decision about her  
life!

Once Donna heard the news,  
she rushed over to see April.  
"You've made a terrible mistake,"  
she warned. "Now you  
can't live in this beautiful  
house overlooking the ocean."  
April shook her head at her.  
She wasn't going to listen to  
such negative thoughts. And besides, what did beautiful  
Donna know about living alone? She was always having a  
good time.

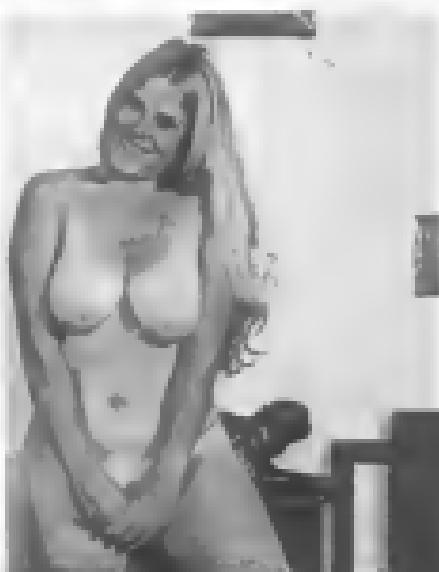
In a way Donna was right.  
She did have to move out of  
the sitting room. Since she  
didn't have any money she was  
forced to share an apartment  
with a friend. Right away she  
realized that this was a mis-  
take because there was so



much a minority that April couldn't get any cast. She didn't mind a few parties on the weekend, but when there was one continuous one, it was too much to take. A girl has to get her sleep, or she'll be old before her time.

At first April didn't know which way to turn. Then she remembered about an old camping ground she would go to as a child. Was it possible that she could move in there and she could continue with her idol? Why not? This was the time to be strong.

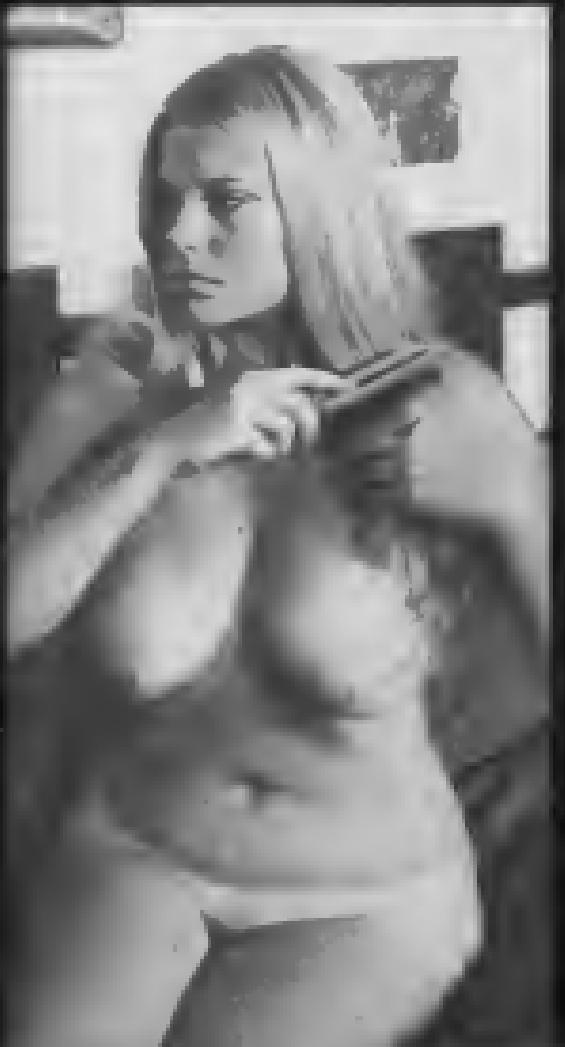
It was necessary for April to move in the middle of the night. She didn't want to have



any long conversation with her friend. There was no time to explain what was happening. You do it, then talk about it later.

April had forgotten how cold it would get in one of those deserted cabins. She had unhesitatingly to bring everything

except some matches. As she sat down to think about this, there was a sudden knock on the door. At first she was frightened to answer, then curiously she edged open the door. There was Rock with a stiff match between his hands ready to light her fire.



# Miss Barbara Bonner



At one time Barbara Bonner thought she was a failure at life. That was before she was discovered below an open window dressed only in her panties and guitar belt. She didn't do that on purpose, of course. Barbara was in such a hurry to get to a party she forgot to check the shade in her bedroom.

When Barbara first saw the pair of string-type paper lingerie roses she was forced to choose a girl address in private, or else? Maybe it was her fault that the shade wasn't drawn, but she couldn't think of everything. Why did she always dress such heavy clothes anyway?

Red Sampson introduced himself immediately. He was a television producer and specialized in off-beat commercials. Some of them had won awards and that was the reason that he wanted Miss Barbara Bonner.

All of this seemed very strange, but most Barbara believed any of it. There were a lot of sex stories around these days and Barbara didn't want to feel herself caught in the middle of some other woman who generated some good action the world became involved.

Red was more than willing to take Barbara behind the scenes of her past experiences. That very night a short interview called for Miss Barbara



Barber and whisked her over to Creative Productions, which was Brad's current Headquarters. The building was more impure and Barber had to admit that it all looked very influential to her.

There was a lot to see and Brad didn't waste any time. He explained that his big clients were manufacturers of silk parasols and black garter belts. The moment he spoke Barber thought the wisdom he revealed that he had discovered the perfect model. It was obvious that she was far comfortable with great style. He just had to get some shots and confirm his original judgment. It was surely business looking more.

To prove his validity even more, Brad escorted Barber to his private viewing room and personally exhibited some of his past work. She watched in awe as the pictures flashed before her eyes. There were certainly a lot of ways to wear



a pair of silk panties. She had never believed that so many poses were possible. And when the models wearing black garter belts appeared, she suddenly realized that Fred had just her quite a "hangup". All the girls on the screen were beauties and if he took the pose to one last, then the model must be a new package.

"I have to make sure you have the proper anatomy," continued Brad. He hands began to move over her body in slowly. Barber was as good. Had she been treated after all? Now she was trapped in her viewing room and there was nothing that she could do. Why had she been so treated?

Suddenly Fred stopped his

exploratory prodding and began seducing himself. "I think it's only fair to show you what I have else," he explained. She watched with a third fascination as his usually garments fell to the floor. He certainly had more powerful equipment and she couldn't help staring directly at his penis. There was enough action there to get a girl hot and bothered.

After while Berthe realized that she should reciprocate and take her clothes off also. At least she should strip down to her panties. That would demonstrate that she was sympathetic to his present performance.

Now they were both down to shorts and panties. It was a time for both of them to







examine the other. They wanted her enough once they had really only just met. This was a good way to dispense incentives.

Burke lied to himself that Brad looked hard and ready to go. She had to swallow her breath when his long penis began to bounce up and down before his male eyes. A warm flow coursed through her body. For a moment she thought she was going to explode. Quickly she reached out to touch Brad's shoulder. In a way she wanted to affirm his reality. He reached back and soon they were tightly clasped together. This, it was all real and burning like a recently erupted volcano.

There was no one wearing her panties or panties belt any longer. They could only get to the way now. Thankfully Burke Botany could see that she

had transcended all those material things. She wanted to get down to the basic reality of the moment. And Brad was only too glad to give her plenty of that!



# Meet Gina

winning first prize at the International Expressionist Bi-harvest was an incredible surprise to Gina. She had entered her screen display at the last moment and didn't think she had any chance at all of winning.

The judges wanted to know how she was able to get such a blend of the human elements in her abstract paintings. Gina couldn't exactly explain this. Although she did admit she had taken a water reflection of herself in the mud. She can't quite understand several of the judges and they need for a demonstration.

Gina Gina had received a valuable prize she decided to cooperate. In a way this might help other artists who wanted to investigate this type of art expression. Gina stated, "I have the need to help others."

And so early Friday morning, on a bright sunny day, Gina led the way to her friend's pool on the outskirts of town. Two of the judges were with her to make it official. They seemed to be brothers very hard which was strange since they didn't look the alike type.

Midway on the journey, Gina suddenly realized that she had forgotten some of her equipment. Her burlap screen was still in the mud about upstairs. She could hardly give a demonstration without them!



One of the judges offered to go back for them but Gina objected. He might pick the wrong one and then the pour may well have to be repeated. Gina would have to go herself. There was no other way!



But then a suggestion was made which sounded interesting. Both of the judges offered their jackets to be used in place of the missing screen. They were made of a fabric which was porous enough to soak up the acrylic paint. It was a mad idea but it might work. At this point Gina was willing to try anything. Who knows? She might even discover a new technique.



Without another word both judges stripped off their jackets. They decided to take off their pants also so Gina would have a complete set. It was possible that she might make a mistake and need some more material in a hurry.

The reflective pool started gleaming as Gina began to take off her clothes. One of the judges wanted to help her but she shook her head violently. All of this was part of the act and couldn't be interrupted. Reluctantly he sat down, although it was a little hard for him to bend his legs at this point. With that extra hard point, he wasn't at trouble as before.

At last Gina was ready to put her brush into action. First





she had to give all herself in the writhing water. A tiny ripple spread across the surface and

her reflexes were momentarily shattered. She would have to wait for a moment before she



could continue. In the next minute she began to kiss her pants.





A little red here, some blue there. A dash of purple at the top. A touch of yellow at the

bottom. The finished piece was going to be an incredible panorama of color. She could tell

she was going to be something special. Never had she been this excited about her

her way before.

Then as the water cooled, Gina was amazed to observe something strange in the reflection. Bleeding on either side of her were the distinguished judges. They each caused a stiff pole and the way they were squeezing she could tell that they wanted some wild action. Gina shook her head. All her attention was on her parents. She tried to allow them to watch her question take shape but she didn't much they could invade her private life.

She crept right over and there to gather up all her experiences and leave the premises. As she looked over towards the entertainment where she had kept her clothes she made another startling discovery. None of her garments

were in sight. Suddenly they had vanished from view. How was that possible? Just a moment ago she had placed them carefully on top of the entertainment.

This was the first time that Gina had ever discovered herself in an impossible situation. Fortunately she had a reserve of strength for such moments as these. Quickly she took the two packets which had been offered to her and wrapped them around her. In a way they made an excellent dress. It might be something she could wear later. Who knew what discovery she will make the day? Anyway, at least she won't be the nude any longer.

The two packets now what was happening and began stripping off more of their clothes which could be discarded.





around. Gina's family didn't like them, soon they were in the nude and she was undressed with various types of cloth was hard to find. This was a complete change from what had been just a few months ago. Naturally this was all very

awkward to Gina and she had to sit down and think about this for a moment.

And then she never seen Jo-Gina as a flesh. More than anything she wanted to be a complete human. Unless she continued to expand upon the

fact this might never happen. With this in mind she threw off all her clothes. Instantly the bubbling pool picked up her happy reflection. Gina went her glowing smile into action and she was off and away.

# NIPPY



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# GLENDÀ'S GARTER



Sometimes a lovely girl has to have a hobby to keep her mind off her present desolation. Not that Glenda doesn't have a lot of friends who call on her quite often, but most of them are very shallow people and they have little in common. Just because Glenda has a wild body doesn't mean that she isn't interested in the aesthetic world which surrounds her daily.

Some people might say that Cleo is basically lazy if they see her stretched out on her couch all day. But if they looked closer they would see the beautiful diversity in the

background. Every couch was created by Cleo's herself. In many ways she was influenced by some of the great Spanish painter Francisco Goya especially about Cleo's love for

garlic has a design similar to his bold artistic lines.

She wants to have it understood, however, that she never actually copies any of the great









artists. That kind of creativity would accomplish nothing. First she has to unprofessionally experience the purpose of the art. Then one must be said in words, it is an inhibiting touch. Either it comes to you at that moment or it will remain a secret forever.



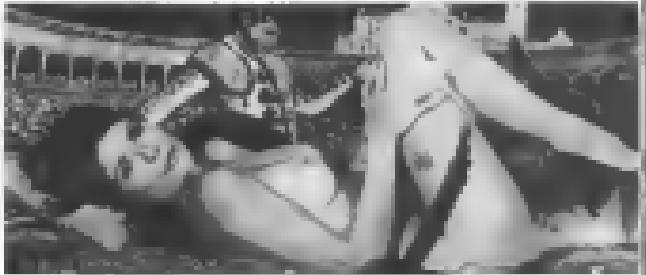
One of Claudia's most powerful possessions is her embroidered carrier. Without the cushion because she will display it to anyone who would be interested. Quite a number of people stop up to her during the day and like to see her private work. Once during a cross-town bus trip Claudia suddenly had poster to several admen's. Suddenly the driver became very interested and the two went up on the roofdeck for a couple of hours. Some of the passengers were shocked, but most of them agreed it was worth the inconvenience to have one little glance at Claudia's gleaming silver poster.



As you can imagine, Glenda is no longer a lonely girl since she has become serious about her artistic talents. Every night could be a busy time at the club, but it's happen that way. Of course she has to be very careful that her days are performed in the correct manner. It would be easy enough to top all event when displaying her handsome power to every passerby. But when would she have time to do her creative work?

Perhaps Glenda turns towards the Spanish art because there is always a touch of flamboyancy wanted to engrave the scene portrayed. For the last year she has been studying the Spanish artists of the 16th and 17th century. That was the golden age with the great masters of religious subjects. El Greco and Velasquez were the main practitioners. Glenda thought that she might even incorporate some of these designs into future guitar styles. What a courageous night that would be! Imagine the swirling colors of an El Greco on the milky smooth skin of her body. Of course she would have to display this more than her other designs. It wouldn't be possible to keep such a work of art from the public. That wouldn't be fair at all.

Before Glenda enters into any of these projects, she has to make sure that her presentation is correct. Merely pulling up her skirt and revealing her guitar to the passing crowd is very crude. She just has to develop a little more finesse, otherwise she could acquire a bad reputation.



But how does one display a guitar without also displaying a portion of a woman's thigh? Although that is a reasonable consideration, some people would get the wrong idea.

Alberto is only interested in getting her under skirt at. If some George Baker has some other idea, then that's his problem.

There are other places a guitar

can wear her underclothes, after all, of course. Around the neck would be cleaner. Maybe it might seem a little like he's come. That didn't matter so long as they approached the sit-





private design she wished to display. You just can't please everyone these days.

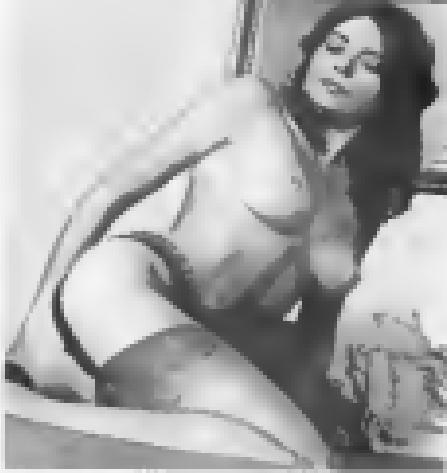
At the present time Claudia has to spend a lot of time on her tapestry-shaped couch. She loves to feel the texture of

smooth cloth against her naked body. All kinds of thoughts whirl through her mind. In this fantasy zone she imagines that she is at the ball room in a sumptuous mansion. Her body is held out straight in defiance of the



every animal. She will not give up much. Then all of once they see her blood, they're naked. A few sparks come to their eyes. And then all at once they turn into a couple of handsome dudes who want to get it on in a fury. Gotta admit though. What can she do with a pair of pump-hammers like that staring into her eyes?

Gradually she comes out of her dream. The couch is a mess now she has been thrashing around for the last half hour. Thankfully her precious laundry didn't get damaged. It was a little frayed at spots but a lot more would just all be frayed fabric back into shape.







The dream-fantasy remained with Glenda for some time. It was as though her subconscious wanted to tell her something and yet didn't know how to put it into words. Suddenly it all came to her in the simplest form: "Why not really become a bull fighter? What a perfect way to display her wonderful gait!" No one could ever accuse her of being courageous. It would all be part of her normal routine in the ring.

But how does a girl get started if she wants to throw the bull around? Glenda would have to travel either to Spain or Mexico. These are the last two countries in the world who feature bullfighting within their boundaries. She doesn't know if she is willing to give up her residency in the country for a fling in the ring.





There is only one way to make up your mind in a situation like this. A trial run will answer a lot of questions. Once Glenda can get the feel of it, she'll know if she wants to devote her entire life to the profession.

It wasn't easy to find a former who was willing to put up her ball. Most were a little suspicious of Glenda's intentions. They wanted to know what a big girl like her had in mind once she displayed her pants to the ball. Was she going to leave him with her full rounded derrières? Both her blood pressure rose and it

wouldn't be impossible that one of them caught blow his top.

Glenda immediately put both the former and the ball at ease. She had no intention of disrupting any session. She did, however, feel a desire to show off her well-known to Glenda. Most of her girls were concerned with discipline. Breaking up someone else's well-organized life was the furthest from her mind.

The moment Glenda stepped into the ring she realized that she had made a serious mistake. That big ball snorted and stamped his hoofs as his front grew larger and larger. Glenda had never seen anything like



but never did you to wash in the snowwater petals on her father's farm.

There was no turning back now. No one was able to help her to the middle of the ring. She either had to take command of the situation or run around and run like hell. Giselle was hoping that her mind would make a decision for her as soon as possible. Dashed, her thoughts were all blank.

All at once the bell took the exception and lowered its jingle to the ground. It was an answer. Giselle Giselle to herself, she had absolutely no idea whatsoever. All she could do was wait for the final blow.



Gloria closed her eyes and said a little prayer. After a few seconds had past she began to feel a wet tongue licking her ear. When she stole a quick glance she couldn't believe what was happening. There was the big famous world hopping away and going deliciously down at her wonderful partner.





STRONG FICTION WITH JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF NAKED FICTION

# Her name is MARROCA

By James Hickey

The following short story is a satire of the densely exhausting works of Guy de Maupassant. This story is brought up to date by one of the current contemporary American writers: George E. Pollack.

Thank God for an unloading. Tagget thought as he walked into the bar at the Grand Bahama Club. The saddle-sniffing horse mare that had chased him on the Corkless island had been denied of strength and stowing in his pores.

Entering from the brilliant sunlight into the cool darkness of the lounge made it difficult for him to get his bearings. He gripped past the first couple of bar stools until he heard her name called. Tagget repeated them, smugly, the collar. It was Crepus.

Diminut, anyway. He'd wanted one or two cold drinks and a quiet chance to let his body temperature drop to normal. The bright-brown Crepus, was an out-breaker of the first rank. Tagget snorted. He was trap-ped. He couldn't oppose Crepus, but he certainly wasn't going to be easily swayed - if he could help it.

"Goodness heat!" he said sitting down. "I thought these islands were supposed to have room because that kept the temperature fairly comfortable all year round."

Crepus answered him in the bored, off-handed manner of a man who had been asked the same question a dozen times that very day. "The because, as you call them, my dear Tagget, are maintained by the ocean currents, mainly the Gulf Stream, that surround the islands. Every few years the Gulf Stream seems to move further out into the Atlantic than normal. That leaves us in what one might call if he were an equatorial zone 'the doldrums.' The water is quite calm, we'll notice the wind



light and refreshing; and the last somewhat tantalized."

Tagget raised an eyebrow at him. "Somewhat tantalized?" he repeated. "What in hell do you think I've been batching about? It's over ninety-five degrees out there and the humidity must be close to a hundred percent?" He turned, abruptly from Crepus and headed to the barstools for a tall one with four o'clock of beer, fresh lime, and crushed ice. That should do the trick, he thought, and watched his drink bring back.

"You noticed you don't drink much, you," Crepus judged him. "You should really try it. I've found you with beer on a menu, of course, to be much more easily refreshingly than rum."

Tagget closed his eyes briefly. Now the tantalization was returning his drink. Too much. He swayed sideways in his bar stool. "Crepus," he started with quiet pride, "the ad agency I work for is spending two million dollars a year to convince the drinking public that rum RUM is THE hot summer drink. Now I ask you, how would a look of it run around drinking rum vodka or for that matter rum beer? How would it look?"

"Do you want me to fire my job? Crepus has twenty thousand a year — plus expenses — over a little thing like the right house at a particular temperature?"

"You wouldn't want to see that, I'm sure. However I'm going to let you in on a small secret. I like rum. That's right. I really do. You see it calls me. It also makes me drunk. Sometimes very drunk. And that's what I'm going to do this afternoon — at night in the stool, drink lots and lots of rum and get wiped out. Absolutely assured."

"And also I'm going to do it all by myself! You know why that is, Crepus? Because it's too goddamn hot to carry on any idiotic conversation!"

"If the most beautiful breed in the world were as hot and out in the sun I hope you'll soon be bussing, I wouldn't give her the time of day! If for no reason other than it's too hot to even think about getting laid!" And with that Tagget gulped his drink (rum) and crossed his arms over his chest in the bar corner.

Crepus didn't bat an eye. He finished his drink (rum) and left the bar without a word.

In a matter of minutes Tagget began to feel somewhat ashamed of the way he'd acted. Forget it, he thought. Men's and beer are a lousy combination. Some people just aren't cut out for the tropics. He watched his thoughts as the approaching vacation in the Canadian Rockies and that helplessly calm bar down. Before long he

imagined he was comfortable. He could feel the air con, drawing taking a good hold on him and he was shaking at a normal pace again.

There a bellboy delivered the small dog's travel diary and the accompanying note from Crepus. Tagget was on his fifth menu and turned and seriously contemplating a little nap, on the Conair.

Crepus had taken care of the tip to the last Tagget could do, he figured, was to read the note. Reluctantly, Tagget accepted the diary and the message.

"Mr. Tagget," the note read. "While I found your comments both Petty and annoying, you did make two remarks I would like to argue. 1) Your health status

*"She was nude. Beautiful? I swear to God she is the most beautiful female I've ever set my eyes on. Her body is fantastic."*

that any alcoholics beverages, my own particular is gin to the contrary, could become a hot or warm weather drink. And, 2) That heat could be, or even become, a deterrent to sexual interests."

"What the hell?" Tagget had stood to nobody in particular. This guy has to be some sort of a nut or a book he thought but he kept reading.

"I call your attention to the diary," the note went on. "The man who made the entries was an American. He was working on the southern part of the island as a part of a geographic and geological survey, checking tides, making weather observations, and that sort of thing. The diary was left behind (possibly by oversight) when the man's work was finished. It is singularly uninteresting except for the month of August, 1969. You might find the few entries for that period interesting, especially considering two of your views and the fact that you are a tourist complaining about the weather from the advanced position of a bar stool in an air cooled cocktail lounge!" Signed, "Crepus."

Slowly, painstakingly, Tagget thought, got his dog to

# Her name is MARROCA

anyway. But Taggy's curiosity was aroused. He checked his watch. Three-thirty. What the hell, the *Catoc* would be dead now. He entered another drift and picked up the diary. The name on the inside cover was David Tait. Taggy thumbed through the pages until he reached the month of August. '86 and began to read the first entry.

August the 1st --

Supply day again. I followed the track to the jeep down from *Porterhouse* after Ed checked the side gauge at *Porter Out Landing*. To tell the truth this is my month Ed either has visited another couple of weeks for the oil. This boat has got me beat. I just can't seem to function. Not that I feel myself normally, but I know I'm overcast at this point and I don't like the idea.

20) Me with the water. I can't explain it, but I've never drunk as much water in my life. I filled up the gallon jug in the cooler twice today and it's practically empty again. Usually I have three or four bottles of beer a day and maybe a couple of quarts of water, but I can't drink beer anymore. One bottle is knawing me out, taking me down, almost useless. Just like the radiator in the jeep, I can only keep going on water. Speaking of the radiator, it's a mess up as to what's going to go first during this last wave, it or my bladder.

Ed the *Black-Black*, who drives the truck down today, told me the houses up at West End and some of the native north of *Porterhouse* are looking over left and right. That I can believe. At two o'clock this afternoon I made an entry of thirty-eight degrees to the weather log. The thermometer up at the rod hasn't budged in three days. No reason that I can see, but our interesting observations the last, both types of *Goldbeck Creek* and up at *Porter Out Landing*, are glassy smooth and the tide range is like before normal.

21) wrote up all my observations on this hot spell when the thing really boils, but there's no point in it now and I really don't have the ambition.

August the 2nd --

I won't going to write this down, but, hell, I might as well be honest with myself. Anyways, Ed the *black* was up on it yesterday and he's probably getting a lot of laughs with the story in *Porterhouse* right now.

It's rather simple. I used to get laid. I used a womanizer it isn't that easy, not for me anyway. To not proposition. Really, I *propose* God I'm not. It's just that I have a thing. Call it a superstition; call it a phobia, whatever, but I've never been able to think about, to even imagine or dream about, making love to a girl of another color. And I'm not talking about just Negroes, I could never make it in Japan, or Brazil, either, with anyone darker than me. God knows I tried, but there was something that just wouldn't let the scene work.

I don't know what to tell. I'm going to do. I have to try to stop thinking about it.

August the 3rd --

They still kept telling myself. Try it and see. Even if it doesn't work, maybe, just maybe, it will stop all this madness. And if it does work? What the hell, I was thinking, the only human.

I got as far as the border yard dock before I woke up and realized what I was doing and where I was heading; And I couldn't go any further.

I turned the jeep around and drove down to the beach. I sat there for maybe an hour, and to tell the truth I don't even remember what I was thinking. I decided to walk down the beach and take my afternoon paddling, the tide being

I could hear her splashing and singing to her self on the other side of the small dock as I walked up. I watched around the end of the dock and looked at her. She didn't see me. I watched her face, hell, I don't know how long and was practically paralyzed with the sight of her.

She was nude. Beautiful! I went to God due to the most beautiful female I've ever set eyes on, in my life. Her body is fantastic. It's better description. She must be five-six or seven. But whatever the height, there isn't an inch of her that isn't perfect.

But, hell, is the skin color she isn't white? She looks black, either. I guess you could call her a blonde, but whatever the color of her blood she looked like a shiny golden Venus to me. For the first time in my life I couldn't have opened her if I were strong or great. She is that delicious.

Her name is Marcy!

I could feel the electricity between us this afternoon.

We were in deep water, diving for shells, and I felt as though I wanted to make love to her right on the floor of the ocean. Our bodies would touch sometimes as we dove or were reaching for the same shell. A couple of times when that happened I chose not to react from not knowing what to do. Marcy made fun of my inability to dive, but I didn't she know what was happening.



## "We made love on the bunk, she was wonderful"

August the 15th -

It happened today. I made love to Marcy today. To put it simply, it's been a day I won't forget for a long time. If ever!

She just left me an hour ago. That's right, she was here at the present. We made love on the bunk, and to tell the truth, I don't know how I'm going to sleep on the damn thing alone again.

She is wonderful. I never dreamt anything could be so great. And I never have felt more like a man than I do right now. Yet, at the same time I feel helpless, too.

But see, after we made love, lying together closely on the bunk, Marcy and I had a talk. Or rather, she talked.

She told me she was married.

Well, if that's the way the set-up is going to be, it's better than not having her at all. I'd have to live with it. I'd be a fool not to.

August the 16th -

The temperature dropped to eighty-five today, which is a blessing for me but I think Marcy's had enough for me.

Marcy made a very strange request today, one I don't quite understand. She asked me to come to her house tomorrow night. Her husband is supposed to be working his boat at night and she wants me to make love to her. In her own bed.

I didn't go for the idea.

August the 17th -

Marcy came to the present for the first time after the 15th today. It turned out she was a lot madder than I'd thought about my refusal to sleep at her house. She asked me again today and at least this time she was willing to talk about it.

Well, I'll have to admit it was a pretty speech and a very sweet thought, but, I still said no. You see, remember, but I had a bad feeling.

August the 18th -

She did it again, damn, and this time I gave in.

Light  
My  
Fire



## "Her nakedness obviously had him aroused!"

Marnie didn't come to me for eight days. Today I went to look for her. I found her, about three this afternoon, on the beach near Further Out Landing. We only talked for a few minutes but the net result of the conversation is that I'm going to meet her this evening on the beach nearest Pocatello, and go to her house with her.

Maybe I'm an ass. I don't know. I do know that I can't go on without seeing her, without making love to her. A woman has a great loneliness when she decides to use me, or rather the lack of it, as a weapon. I'll see how it works out this time, but I'll be damned if I plan on making a habit out of it.

August the 26th -

I'll have to start from the beginning to recall all that happened last night. It's the only way.

I met her on the beach just as we'd planned. She was more dressed up for the occasion than I had ever seen her. She wore a sort of low-cut, gypsy blouse and a skirt that totally showed off her legs. She did look so very beautiful standing on the beach where the moon light was brushed off the sand. If I'd had any hesitation over the wisdom of making a house call, they were all lost - the moment I saw her.

Her house? Well, it was fine by relaxed standards and a thousand percent cleaner than the average. I wasn't impressed. From Marnie's own personal cleanliness, I'd never feel what I did.

She had beer in her icebox and I had one or sort of a celebratory gesture, house-warming, I guess you might have called it.

When I finished it we went into the bedroom. I'll have to admit that I was slightly annoyed. After sleeping so long on a narrow bunk, her big double bed looked like it had all kinds of possibilities.

We kissed and held each other for a short while but Marnie held me up - the worsted thing to be exactly right. We undressed and the mostly just our things away. Then the cover sheet was tasseled down. I was set and ready for anything.

Well, not quite anything. I hadn't expected her husband to come home.

Exactly. We heard a car door slam and Marnie gave a little shriek when she looked out the window.

I was as bare-assed as the day I was born, and the guy was only seconds from the front door. Marnie pointed to the bed and motioned for me to get under it. Damn! It was like something out of a B-movie, only I wasn't laughing. I was cringing and holding my breath.

I heard her run out of the bedroom just before the door opened. Her husband called and she answered from somewhere in back of the house. Then she was back in the bedroom. Her husband came in a minute after she'd returned and I broke into a cold sweat. I saw his feet near the bed. By God! They must have been size four boots! If this guy ever got a hold of me it was all over but the game been won.

It turned out he'd forgotten some keys. Then he started for the closet. My clothes! It had to be. I was dead! But Marnie was a fast thinker and had still given them to her. So she went to the closet herself and used that particular play.

The husband got his keys, but didn't all anyway, now he wanted something else. Marnie. Her nakedness obviously had him aroused. He wanted just a few minutes with her. He wouldn't take long. He said just a quick sleep, then down in the car and always again to speak. I tried to raise my head slightly. I had no such clearance from the springs. A guy that sat on the bed would crush me or I'd be able to feel me under a and either way was bound to be bad.

Once again Marnie came through. This time she did it by begging off, saying she was tired and promising her a special treat after she'd had a good night's rest. That did the trick. Finally he left.

I waited for the sound of his car to completely disappear before I crawled out from my bedding place. I was shaking badly and my stomach was turning green inside. Marnie, damn her, was laughing.

I started yelling at her really trying to get the point across that I couldn't see one small bit of humor in the whole thing. I was getting mad but she stopped laughing and held up her hand. I sat up and waited for her to say something. She did, and I don't believe I'll ever forget it. But before she spoke she reached under the edge of the tasseled sheet coverlet and pulled out the most evil looking machine I'd ever seen. She gestured to the

edge of the bed and made the motion of scarce bending under it. Then she swung the machine in a vicious arc. I got the idea.

"You see, my darling," she said. "If he'd have found you, he'd have never gotten up to tell anybody about it."

You can't help but love a girl like that. At least not when you're on the side side of a deadly machine.

After I got the thing in a nice sort of the way spot, I took Marlene to bed and thanked her in a very special way.

Tagget finished reading the last entry for the month of August and glanced at enough of the following pages to determine that David Bolt and the girl named Marlene had continued their affair for some time. It had evidently died a natural death when Bolt was finally transferred.

The last entry in the diary simply had her name written completely across the page.

He put down the book and looked around. The bar had filled somewhat since he'd started reading. In fact, four stools away. He got up and went over to the blonde.

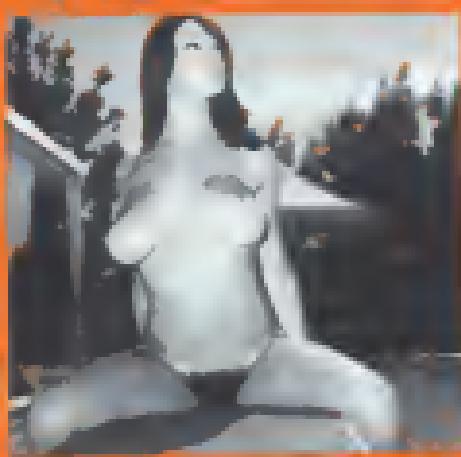
"May I buy you a drink?" he asked. "You noticed you're alone at the hotel?"

"Yes, I'd like a drink," she nodded up at him. "And if you've noticed I was alone, why hasn't you said anything to me before now. I've been waiting, you know."

"It's been too hot and now," Tagget said. Then he turned to the bartender. "Give the young lady whatever she's having," he ordered, "and I'd like to have gin on the rocks, I think, with a tall glass of water on the side." The bartender shrugged and Tagget smiled at the girl. "It's really the water I'm after," he said. "I understand it's full of a drink in those parts."







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naked look!



Q: Why are the hundred thousand dollar newspaper? You're right if you shouted boom! Bobbie. You the girl who has everything has a little bit more now. But, then she doesn't deserve it since she bought a ticket like every one else. Still, there are a lot of girls who could



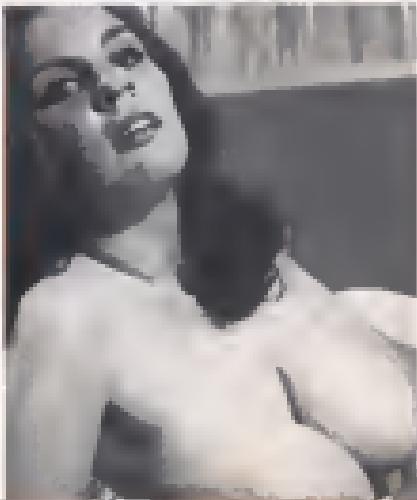


# BOUNTIFUL BOBBIE

really need all that money. Bobbie has been everywhere and done everything.

Bobbie doesn't feel the need to gloat about winning that large prize. All the time the wheel of Fortune has been spinning in her direction. Why should it stop now? Once a lucky pony always a lucky pony. That's her motto. Bobbie is always ready to take the winning ticket.

Already she has made some exciting plans about the future. It's true that she has been to about every country in the world, although there are a few places she would like to go





again. Some of the islands in the Pacific are very remote and it would be nice to stretch out in the nude on some of those silent white beaches.

I don't think that Bobbie is a selfish person. She is more than willing to take along a friend—if the right one shows up. For some time Bobbie has been looking for that very special companion. Maybe he doesn't really exist, but she will keep searching because she has all the time in the world. And now she even has most of the money.

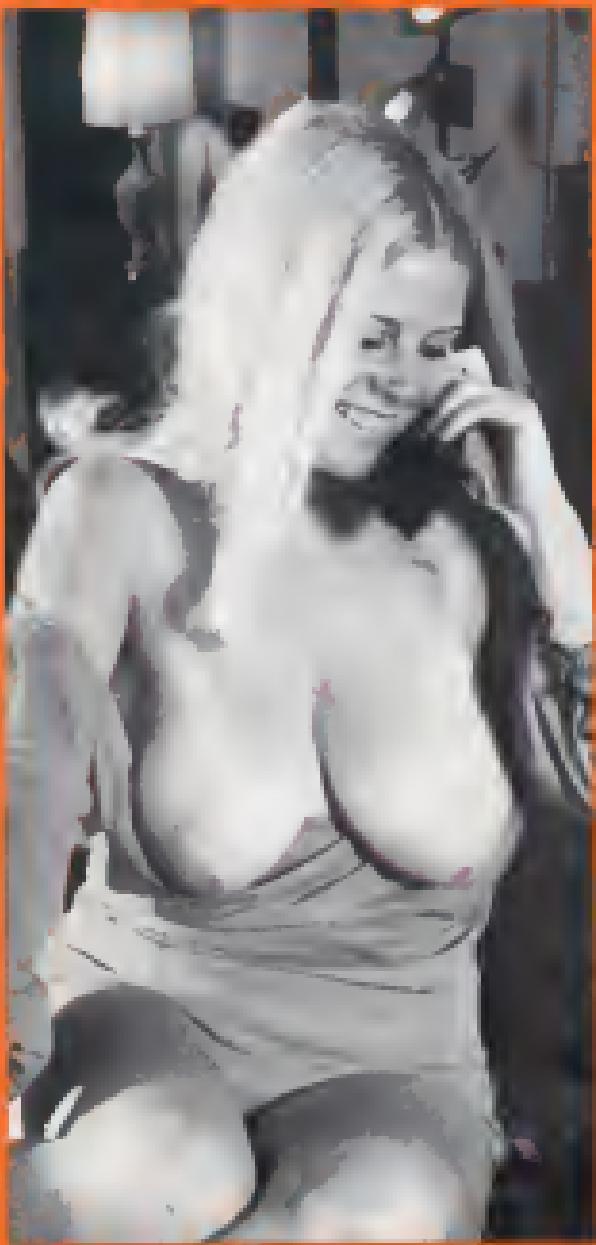
Bobbie is even willing to share some of her good fortune with other girls. She's certainly not insensitive to their problems. They are all after that certain shade and appearance that can be a full-time occupation. A little money might help them along. (What's a couple of hundred dollars to a beautiful babe like Bobbie?) If the men are right, she'll be more than happy to spend it indeed. Here's that lyrical compendium check?

Naturally Bobbie has been getting a lot of phone calls lately. A lot of guys would like to help her spend all that cash. They have all kinds of wild ideas. Bobbie gets a kick out of listening to them even though she has no intention of following up on any of them. She has many things planned and no Johnny certainly is going to change her mind.

On the day that the hundred thousand dollar check was delivered to her house, Bobbie was sunbathing in the nude on the roof. She was so excited that she forgot to put anything on







Below April's window is the thunderous roar of the Pacific ocean. Fortunately she has high open windowspanes and a sofa from the surfing waters which constantly pound the shoreline.

Ever since her last birthday April has been living a very lonely life. According to her mother's will she has to live at this desolate home until the first of the year. She can't have any visitors but she can talk to many people on the line on the phone. This can be a most frustrating situation. Still if April is to receive her special inheritance, then she has to carry out these specific instructions.

There are many times when April's window panes would accidentally knock on her door and light her fire. It does get cold on some of those winter nights. The right pane would accidentally take away a lot of the heat. She needs to fill her two beds with some good stiff bedding. But then she has to be careful not to become too friendly with anyone passing by.



way the door down to answer the door. The man's eyes popped and he stood silent for a moment. He then blushed heavily and stammered and stammered back into the room. The door had been open going in, but was now closed and had drawn something instead like a screen on a Saturday night.









